

The Memory of the Just is blessed, and is to be had in everlasting remembrance.

A most Useful (Pithy and Deserved) Commendation of (that Pious and Reverend
Minister of the Gospel)

Mr. Thomas Wadsworth.

Who changed this Life for a better, *October 29. 1676.* Printed in Meeter to perfume
his Name, and keep alive his Memory to future Posterity.

IS Wadsworth Dead! how can this be resolv'd!
We'll grant you the *Compositum* that's dissolv'd;
But for his Soul, it Lives among the Blest,
His Body's but Asleep and gone to Rest.
He Preacht and Wrote, o'th Souls Immortality,
Which Doctrine he finds True, now in Glory.
If Soul-sleepers, could into Heaven peep,
They would convinc'd be, the Soul goes not to sleep.
For then and there, they quickly would behold
Holy Wadsworth's Soul, shine more bright than Gold.
Acting its Part 'mongst that Heavenly Quire,
With lively vig'rous Zeal as hot as Fire:
Where Living, He shall Live and never Dye,
No more to Sin, nor Groan through Pain and Cry;
Of *Kidney Ulcer*, and *Stone in Bladder*,
Which to him prov'd a Happy *Jacob's Ladder*.
For though 'twas painful for him to ascend,
Yet come to Top, it did in Glory end.
So Death to him, save One, proved his best Friend.
Which one is *Christ*, through whose Blood and Merit,
Alone 'tis that, He's with God in Spirit.
Which Truth believed, proves Soul Immortality;
Likewise disproves blind Popes Purgatory.
And what a joyful Meeting may one think
Had this Blest Soul upon an Eye-lids wink,
With that Blest Company which is above,
With Patriarch's, Martyrs, and Holy Love;
Also with others of a later Date,
Who went to Heaven at a cheaper rate.
As Golden *Havilah* and Holy *Jesse*,
Reverend *Caryl*, *Venning*, and Blest *Janeway*,
With Learned *Wilkinson*, and *Whitaker*,
Whose Names on Earth, still perturbed are;
With their great Learning, Labour and Holy Life,
Which whilst they lived, was in them most Rife.
Their Learning now's ended, their Labour's done;
They have run their Race, and the Prize have won.
So Reverend *West*, *Pledger*, and Sweet Mr. *Well*.
Who spent themselves, to save poor Souls from Hell.
But now are all, to Heaven gone from Earth,
And Blest Wadsworth last, hath yielded up his Breath.
And with them all, had a joyful Greeting,
Where Persecutor can't disturb their Meeting.
But what was Wadsworth, that thus much is said,
Of him, whose body, now in grave is laid?
Was he a man, who in his life, deserv'd?
To be at's death, so honourably serv'd?
Yea he was, a man, whose life, deserv'd it:
Let none, therefore, envy his death hath it.
For th' honour, which to him's given at's death,
He well deserv'd, in spending of his breath:
For welfare, and th' good of mens immortal souls,
To fit, and them prepare, 'gainst the bell touts.
When first, he came from University,
At *Newington Butts*, he lift up his cry:
To make dead souls, to hear, his Masters voice;
And so, leave Sin, and serve God out of choice.
And so loud cry'd, to sinners, gone astray:
That many, he brought back, to Heavens way.
Two Sermons, he did preach, on each Lords day:
Each Morn, i'th' Week, he did expound and pray.
Besides, he often visited his Flock,
And at their doors, most frequently did knock.
To see, and know, each souls state and condition,
In which, he shew'd himself a good Physician.
And 'cordingly, his remedy, apply'd:
The weak, with strength, the sad, with joy, supply'd.
So's hungry bodies, by him, was fed with food:
So's hungry bodies, with that which was good.
He fought the flock, more than he did the fleece:
To do them good, was both his joy and peace.
To Rich and Poor, he preacht impartially:
With great conversion, God seal'd his Ministry.
And when, for Conscience sake, he was turn'd out;
In Country, Town, and City, preach'd about.
As he preach'd, in Pulpit, frequent and rife:
So he preach'd, in practice, by his holy life.
His life was perfect, and his death was peace:
He fed his Flock, but never took the Fleece;

Therefore let's Brethren, him for pattern take:
And thence learn, to do more, for th' Lord Christ's sake.
For though, God gave him great ability:
Yet still he shew'd forth as great Humility.
At length God's Providence, which ruleth well,
At *Tibbals* plac'd him, to save some from Hell:
And there he did not preach nor run in vain,
Some fruit God gave him, to reward his pain.
For many, there by him was converted;
Who from th' Faith of Christ, had much departed.
Keeping still his Flock he had at *London*:
Though for it he was like to be undone.
Keeping Pluralities, but not for gain:
But to save more souls from eternal pain.
And when th' Persecution was most hot,
Did not neglect to feed his Flocks a jot.
But preach he would, by day, or by the night:
Though sometimes rude Souldiers did much him fright.
And thus he serv'd both places, though by stealth,
Until he found it did impair his health:
And then, with counsel, did himself advise,
That he might not be th' Peoples Sacrifice.
~~One flock he must leave, yet both lov'd him well;~~
He lov'd them again, therefore could not tell
Which to forsake, both were to him so dear.
This thing, to decide, cost him many a tear.
Likewise, each Flock, a claim to him did lay,
Whose Shepherd to be, t' guid them Heavens way.
From whence, some small contention did arise
Between both Flocks, yet both, were godly wise.
At length, by counsel, he did come to dwell
At *Pickleherring*, a place known full well.
But when preach'd two Sermons had at *Dead-place*,
His Master sent grim death to look him i'th' face.
Preaching th' last, he made the people wonder,
He did, so long and loud, 'gainst Sin thunder.
And before he ended and went his way,
Did summon the World to meet him at Judge day.
And so that prov'd, for him they'd see no more,
Till they meet to see him the Lord before.
For 'th Twenty ninth *October* the Lords one day,
'Bout two o'th Clock his Lord took him away.
He hath fought his Fight, and run throughout's Race,
And now to Heaven's gone to take his place.
Thus God himself hath ended two Flocks strife,
By taking from them their dear Shepherds life.
But what a great loss this is, who can tell?
(None) till experience to us it spell:
Great loss to th' Church, no less to his Relations,
Yea, a great loss toth' whole English Nation.
He was a man with whom few could compare,
To find the like, would any man out-ware.
Therefore let all that doth this sad News hear,
Endeavour to bedew it with a tear.
Let all Gods Children in Love unit'd be,
That he may not from them take their Ministry.
Let Sinners all, them of their Sinnes repent,
Which hath provoked God to make this rent.
Let Magistracy, Ministry, and People all,
Turn from their sin and upon the Lord call:
For mercy to be shewn to this Nation,
That we become not a Desolation.
Let all that go to hear at *Dead mans place*,
Mourning Remember Blest'd Wadsworth's Face;
And pray his Death may Preach now he is Dead,
That Sinners dying may find the Grave a Bed:
To lodge their Bodies till the Resurrection,
And then Awake with a good Complexion.
Let *Tibbals* Flock improve this loss so well,
As to come to Heaven and escape Hell.

HIS EPITAPH.

HEre sleeps the Body of Holy Wadsworth Blest,
Disturb him not, his Soul's gone to Rest.
And this his Dust shall have a Glorious Rising,
When Christ comes at Resurrection Morning:
He Preach'd in Life, and Dead he Preacheth still,
To Sinners, to keep and obey Gods will,
Holy lives to live, all Sin to forsake,
That they with him in Glory may partake. *Memento Mortis.*